

Skin O' My Teeth

Kalmah

I had wrists donning slits
Flowing constantly
My broken body in a wreck
Wrapped around a tree
A crosswalk hit and run
The finish line for me
People clutter in the gutter
Take a look and see

No escaping pain
You belong to me
Clinging on to life
By the skin o' my teeth

My blood flows through the streets
Deluge from the wounds
Empty jars of sleeping pills
On the dresser in my room
My wet brain neighbor cranes
His neck to see in time
The white light's a train
Bearing down on me

I won't feel the hurt
I'm not trash any longer
That that doesn't kill me
Only makes me stronger
I need a ride to the morgue
That's what 911 is for
So, tag my toe and don't forget
Ooh to close the drawer